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TELEPHONE MAIN 661.

THE WEATHER

Oregon, Washington—Fair, west thunderstorms east portion. Idaho—Thunderstorms.

BRYAN ACCEPTS.

William Jennings Bryan has formally accepted the nomination of the national democracy for the Presidency of the United States.

Let us suppose, for the sake of indulging in the fabulous and the sensational, that he had refused it point-blank, and finally!

What illimitable and stupefying confusion and chagrin would have swept the democratic ends of this country; what a maddening scramble for the great post would have been precipitated among the martyrs who were turned down at Denver, and their friends; what an access of tone and volume the Hearstian howl would have taken on; and what added fame and glory would instantly, and permanently, have attached to the name and character of the great, and modest, surrenderer!

His hour has come, and gone; his one opportunity for achieving undying renown and the profoundly grateful esteem of this, and subsequent, generations of the American people, has been frittered away at the very moment of supreme test, and William Jennings stands convicted of the cheap propensity for political preferment, after all the warnings that have been given him!

Japan is likely to make baseball its national game. If Japan can beat Uncle Sam at the sport, Mr. Hobson will be justified in getting excited. Grapes promise to be as abundant as usual this season, but the Bryan dry face over Hearst's refusal to fuse indicates that they are awfully sour. Mexico has recently increased the salary of teachers in primary schools 40 per cent. The Diaz Government is always busy somewhere in the line of progress.

TEMPERANCE.

We claim a wide differentiation for the terms temperance, prohibition and regulation, as applied to the old and unsolved problems of the liquor issue, and we believe that if the proper distinctions were drawn among these movements and our public demonstrations were made, clearly and conclusively, upon sharply defined bases of text and effort, far more good would be attained, than we realize from the hotch-potch methods now in vogue.

Prohibition carries with it the idea of annihilation, peremptory and complete. It is the term and gauge of war, instant, decisive, uncompromising; it bars all mediation and admits of no middle-ground whatever; it invites fight and finality one way or the other; is all aggression, without a hint of conceding anything nor of placating situations nor people; it is a radical challenge and the mailed fist done in one parcel, and damns its enemy while it strikes.

Temperance, on the other hand, as a term, and policy, is amenable to more rational interpretation, and appeals to the equities that certainly exist, in this as in all other matters of public safety and concern. Taken in its farthest definition, it means but the wise regulation of physical and moral appetites and attitudes, and yields something to the good that can be found in all the things we are so quick to condemn and cast out. It is the most available aid to total abstinence itself, since it must natural-

ly figure in the course that is directed to that consumation. It also bears the frank admission of the rights of others, while establishing a medium between the extremes; it offers a haven to the man disposed to repudiate both intemperance and total abstinence, and hedges against the errors born of hysteria and the impassioned blunders of those who ignore all doctrines but their own. It is a safety valve which permits the escape of the unessential elements of this supremely great argument and contest, and is the most sensible base from which to operate in either direction as the case in point may demand.

Regulation is the part assigned to the law in the scheme of adjustment and speaks for itself always, either through its failure or its success, and fortunately for all men, we generally hear of it as accomplishing fair measure of the good it was designed to achieve. Regulation will regulate if the people get behind it and stay there, and not leave it to the whims and interests of the departmental intermediaries; and it is all we need to bring potential peace from out the chaos our own indifference and the fallacious programs we have wrought.

This is written merely as a passing hint to all to whom this grave subject is near, and by way of warning against a too radical estimate of their duty and interest in the solution that is to come some day.

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In only two preceding years has the cotton crop in August been as promising as it is now. The crop prospects of 1908 are in themselves a prosperity boom.

Both President Roosevelt and William J. Bryan are trying to kill the trusts. And to accomplish their purpose they will need the help of all the neighbors.

Governor Johnson is almost as enthusiastic for Bryan as Senator Foraker is for Taft. The only wildly enthusiastic man in the country is Judge Alton B. Parker.

Some of the old-time Democratic leaders who are reluctantly climbing into the Bryan band wagon will have to be provided with easy chairs and all the comforts of home.

Granulated Sore Eyes Cured.

"For twenty years I suffered from a bad case of granulated sore eyes," says Martin Boyd of Henrietta, Ky. "In February, 1903, a gentleman asked me to try Chamberlain's Salve. I bought one box and used about two-thirds of it and my eyes have not given me any trouble since." This salve is for sale by Frank Hart, leading druggists.

COFFEE

Your grocer must sell poor coffee; we can't all be comfortable; but he needn't sell it to you.

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like Schilling's Best. We pay him.

EDISON THE VICTOR.

He Humbled the Pride of the Fast Telegraph Operator.

Edison made his first record as a telegraph operator in Memphis. A contemporary says he came walking into the office one morning looking like a veritable hayseed. He wanted a job, and, although his appearance was not prepossessing, the office was short handed, and he was assigned a desk at the St. Louis wire, the hardest in the office. "At the end of the line was an operator who was chain lightning and knew it," says Francis Arthur Jones' "Life of Edison."

"Edison had hardly got seated before St. Louis called. The newcomer responded, and St. Louis started on a long report which he pumped in like a house afire. Edison threw his leg over the arm of his chair, leisurely transferred a wad of spruce gum from his pocket to his mouth, took up a pen, examined it critically and started in about fifty words behind. He didn't stay there long, though. St. Louis let out another link of speed, and still another, and the instrument on Edison's table hummed like an old style Singer sewing machine. Every man in the office left his desk and gathered around the jay to see what he was doing with that electric cyclone.

"Well, sir, he was right on the word and taking it down in the prettiest copperplate hand you ever saw, even crossing his 'r's' and dotting his 'f's' and punctuating with as much care as a man editing telegraph for printers. St. Louis got tired by and by and began to slow down. Then Edison opened the key and said:

"Hello, there! When are you going to get a hustle on? This is no printer's class."

"Well, sir," said the gentleman in conclusion, "that broke St. Louis all up. He had been raving Memphis for a long time, and we were terribly sore and to have a man in our office who could walk all over him made us feel like a man whose horse had won the Derby."

THRILLING SPORT.

Rafting Down the Canyons of an Unmapped Glacial River.

With provisions for only ten days a party of explorers in Alaska found one September that they must build rafts and take their chances of letting the swift river carry them to settlements where food could be obtained; otherwise ice and snow would shut them in from all hope of rescue. In "The Shareless Diary of an Explorer" Robert Dunn tells of the journey on the roughly made rafts.

"At 11 o'clock today began the most thrilling sport I know, rafting down the anky canyons of an unmapped glacial river.

"Fred and I captained the Mary Ann II, the other three the Ethel May. We rasped and hauled them over the gravel shadows of our tributary, shot out between the main walls of the stream and seized upon that boiling current.

"We resched silently from cliff to cliff, jammed pike poles into the slate shelf overhead, twirled out of eddies. We bumped and grounded. We dashed overboard and on the run eased her across shallows. We tugged half an hour to make an inch at each shove through the gravel, suddenly plunged in to our necks, and she leaped free as we scrambled on.

"Bowlers rose through white ruffs of water in midchannel. We might or might not hang on them for a perpendicular minute.

"You must be very handy with a pole. You must have a hair fine eye for moving angles, the strength of an eddy, the depth of foam ruffling over a stump. You must be surer of the length of your pole than a polo player of the reach of his mallet. You must be quicker than a Stwash dog. You must know the different weight of each log down to ounces, the balance of the duffel piled high like a dais, covered with the tent and the bean pot, the macktraws and the ax lashed to all the lashings. It's a pretty game."

A Risky Subject.

"Do you think, sweetheart," queried the young man with the evenly divided hair, "that your father will consent to our marriage?"

"Well," replied the fair one, "of course papa will be sorry to lose me, but—"

"But," interrupted the rash youth, "I will remind him that instead of losing a daughter he will gain a son."

"Dearest," rejoined the wise maid, "if you really want me you mustn't say anything of the kind. Papa has three such sons boarding with him now, and he's a little touchy on the subject."

Queer Milk.

Many specimens of unconscious humor are received by the editors of that monumental work, the "Imperial Gazetteer of India." A district was said to be "an extensive rolling plain, consisting of alternate ridges of bare stony hills and narrow fertile valleys." An interesting item of natural history was afforded by the remark, "The buffalo differs from the cow in giving milk which is richer in butter fat, in voice and in having no hump."—London Globe.

Poured.

"I have poured every day this week at some function or other," remarked the vivacious girl.

"Well, well!" murmured the old gentleman who overheard her. "Now I know what is meant by the term 'a reigning belle.'"—St. Louis Republic.

POSTAGE STAMP CHEATS.

Foolish Persons Who Run the Risk of Going to Prison.

"You would be surprised," said a postoffice clerk, "at the efforts people make to avoid the payment of postage. And quite often it is not the work of children either. The most common trick is to take the stamp that has been canceled by hand and the impression just touches the edge of the stamp. After pricking the marked edge with a pin or cutting it with a pair of shears to resemble the punctured edge of the stamp or tearing away that part the stamp is put on an envelope for another voyage. All these are placed in the hands of postal inspectors for investigation.

"Others try to give the impression that a stamp had been put on an envelope and become loose and lost in transit by sticking a stamp on the envelope and then pulling it with part of the envelope sticking to it off again. These as well as underpaid letters, unless they have a foreign destination, where postage is then collected, are marked 'Returned for postage' and sent back to the sender. Second class matter, as a roll of newspapers, is often sealed against inspection by having the stamps overlap the cover. Whether foreign or not it is returned for postage. When it again shows up, the mistake rectified, upon inspection it is usually found to contain written letters, photographs (unmounted), jewelry, merchandise of all kinds, making the package underpaid; hence it is again returned.

"But the limit of foolishness comes when a person tries to efface the indelible ink from the stamp and with half the features of the stamp missing or rubbed away and some of the ink still remaining affixes it to an envelope, with the address of the sender upon the back to facilitate investigation.

"This, though, is stretching it a little too much: A postcard that had been put through a canceling machine and delivered to the addressee had the canceling impression and the address scratched off with the aid of a sharp knife and a new address substituted and a written message pasted on the reverse side."—New York Sun.

AN OLD GORMANDIZER.

One Man Who Lived That He Might Simply Eat and Drink.

In a little yellowed English magazine, dated April, 1804, I came across the following amusing scrap:

If the Duke of Q. does not extend his life to a still longer period, it will not be for want of culinary comforts and those other succulent arts by which longevity is best promoted. His grace's sustenance is thus daily administered:

"At 7 in the morning he regales in a warm milk bath perfumed with almond powder, where he takes his coffee and a buttered muffin, and afterward retires to bed. He rises about 9 and breakfasts on cafe au lait, with new laid eggs just parboiled; at 11 he is presented with two warm jellies and rusques; at 1 he takes a veal cutlet a la Maintenon; at 3 jellies and eggs repeat; at 5 a cup of chocolate and rusques; at 7:30 he takes a hearty dinner from high seasoned dishes and makes suitable libations of claret and madeira; at 10 tea, coffee and muffins; at 12 sups off a roast poulet, with a plentiful solution of lime punch; at 1 in the morning he retires to bed in high spirits and sleeps till 3, when his man cook, to the moment, waits upon him in person with a hot and savory veal cutlet, which, with a potato of wine and water, prepares him for further repose that continues generally uninterrupted till the morning summons to his nocturnal bath.

"In this routine of living comforts are the four and twenty hours invariably divided, so that if his grace does not know, with Sir Toby Belch, that our life is composed of four elements he knows at least, with Sir Ague Cheek, that it consists in eating and drinking."—London Chronicle.

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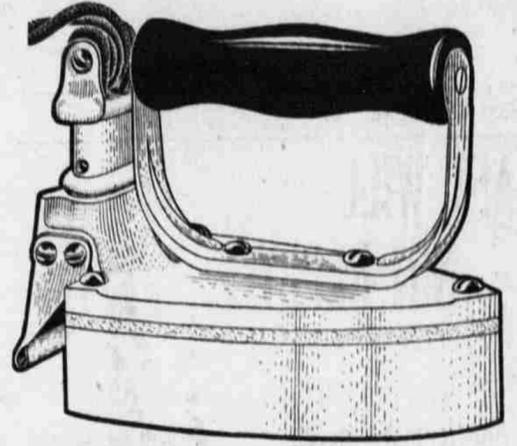
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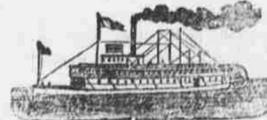
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